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Poetry.

ONWARD STILL.

BY A WRITER IN THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.

Onward, brothers! though we're weary,
Though the way seems long and dreary;
Pause not now to view the past,
Flinch not! flinch not! at the last—
Nerve each heart
To take a part,
Till the Rubicon is passed—
Onward! onward still!

Onward! for a nation's eyes
Are fixed upon us now,
Haggard men with doleful cries,
And men of thoughtful brow;
Famished women—tears are stealing
Down their pale cheeks, as they're kneeling
By their babes, and madly pray
That God who gave would take away
Their infants ere the coming day!

England's sons, ye have the power!
Britons! help us in this hour;
Place your shoulders to the wheel,
Help us for our kingdom's weal;
Manfully, with tongue and pen—
Truthfully, as honest men.
"God helps those who help themselves."
Will ye then, like cupid elves,
Carelessly
Stand to see,
With folded arms, the misery
That time is weaving in his woof;
Whilst ye coldly stand aloof,
Nor lift a finger to assuage
A nation's pain? What! would ye ban
Yourselves with deathless infamy
And desecrate the name of man?

Onward! let no laggard heart
Be ranked amid our band—
Coward minds, that take no part
For the cause in hand—
Cased in soulless apathy,
Talking of "consistency!"
Human souls may die for bread
What care they—if they are fed?
Still toil we
Faithfully,
Firm to win the victory—
Onward! onward still!

Men of powerful intellect
Cheer us on our way—
Many noble ones of earth
Lend their genial ray:
With our right
Comes our might,
Truth o'er error must have sway
Soon will come the glorious day—
Onward! onward still!

Onward, brothers, though we're weary—
Onward, though the way be dreary;
Nerve each heart
To take a part,
Till the Rubicon is passed—
Till the goal be reached at last—
Onward! onward still!

ELAC.

Miscellaneous.

From the Democratic Review.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

'Talking of circumstantial evidence, I can tell you a story, in point, of an affair that happened within my own personal knowledge, if you wish to hear it.'

The speaker was one of a group that stood upon the promenade deck of the Empire, one day last summer, as she glided among the glories of the Hudson, on her downward passage from the political capital of the State to the commercial and financial capital of the Union. This group has been collected by an animated discussion between two professional-looking disputants, respecting the necessity and propriety of killing men as a punishment for murder. The members of it were apparently all strangers to each other, and to the disputants, one of whom, from his appearance in general, and his white cravat in particular, and from his frequent quotations from Scripture—his constant reiteration of such phrases as 'divine vengeance,' 'holy indignation,' 'God's immutable laws,' &c., his wordy rhetoric, false logic, and bad temper, I took to be of that small class of narrow minded and short-sighted religionists, who are ever ready to brand reform with the reproach of infidelity; who fancy an earthquake endangering the foundation of God's church in every step of human improvement—who look upon every discovery in science, as an attack upon Moses—every new moral maxim as an insult to Solomon—every philanthropic movement as a contempt of our Saviour; a class who seem to think the very driver and slaver of the pilgrims essential to the existence of the shrine; and who, by this sort of nasty conversation, do more harm to the cause of religion than all the infidels in the world; more harm than their liberal and enlightened brethren of the cloth are able to counteract.

The conversation, at first so spirited as to excite the interest and attention of a number of ladies, who had moved themselves up so as to be within hearing, had begun to flag.—The arguments for and against had been pretty nearly exhausted, and the combatants were beginning, in the lull of the battle, to draw off their polemical cohorts, preparatory to a peace, both parties satisfied with the uti possidetis, although the spectators could distinguish no great difference between it and the statu quo ante bellum.

It was at this opportune moment that the speaker, a square built, red faced, comfortable-looking man, proposed to tell his story. Of course, there was a general expression of assent; so clearing his throat with a preparatory 'ahem,' and stowing his quid a little more compactly, after shifting it from starboard to larboard, he began:

'I am a sailor, or rather was, for it is a good many years since I gave up ploughing the deep, and took to turning furrows upon the land. Just forty years ago, I was in command of a little full rigged brig, called the Moresco, belonging to Baltimore. We were bound for Liverpool, and from there to the Cape De Verds, for a cargo of salt, and thence home. My crew consisted of three men and a boy, rather short handed you may think for a long voyage, but sailors were in demand, and my vessel was a little bit of a thing, and required few to manage her; besides, I was young then, and felt myself about equal to the watch of a small frigate alone; and in addition there was the mate, who had come on board of me with the reputation of being as active an officer as ever stepped across a ship's gangway. Mr. Clark, James C. Clark, I think, was his name, was a young man, about thirty, but he had been to sea pretty much all his life.

This Mr. Clark had the reputation of being a good sailor and an active officer, but it was said that he never could get a crew to sail with him a second time; and that more than once he had to secrete himself while his ship was in port, and to join her only at the last moment, in order to avoid arrest at the *complaint of his misused men. But so far from this being against him, there were not* a few old sea-dogs who really thought that it was in his favor; and even I, *at that time*, had no idea of the distinction between a good officer and a hard one. Glad, at any rate, was I when Mr. Clark joined the brig, and commenced helping to stow the cargo.—I soon found that report had not belied his character, and that he was a thorough driving fellow, who knew what work meant, and how to have it done. He was evidently disposed to severity with cartmen, stevedores, and others; but I could perceive no evidences of capriciousness or downright bad temper.

In a few days, owing mainly to his activity and energy, the cargo was aboard and stowed and the brig ready for sea. Our crew, consisting, as I have said, of three men and a boy came on board, and the wind shifting immediately to "free," we 'sheeted home' everything and stood out to sea.

We had been out but a few days when I became convinced that Mr. Clark's manner was, to the full, as rough as I had heard it represented. Hardly an order came from his lips unaccompanied by an oath, or some opprobrious epithet. And but little less liberal was he in the use of blows. Upon several occasions I remonstrated with him, but he pleaded so strongly in justification of the necessity of the case, that I was compelled to let him have his way. It is always a delicate thing for a captain to meddle with a mate's authority; discipline is the main point, and upon any disagreement in the cabin it is sure to suffer.

Another reason for my indisposition to interfere with the exercise of Mr. Clark, of his authority in his own way, was the fact, that his displays of bad temper were not wholly unprovoked. Had I had Job himself for first officer, sure I am that his well-tried patience would hardly have enabled him to resist the temptation of flourishing a rope's end, at least a dozen times a day. I was frequently provoked beyond all bounds by the conduct of the men. For a small crew hardly a worse one could have been selected. One of the three men was willing enough, but he was slow and stupid. The others were smart active fellows, but real grumbling, growling rascals, who had made up their minds, from the first, never to lift a hand or stir a foot when they could help it. They had both been in the English service, and although Americans, they had acquired all the vices of the English sailor. In fact, I recollect that one of them told me that he had made three voyages in a Canadian-timber ship, where, every time they reefed topsails, the officers were compelled to chase the men up the rigging with handspikes.

To these two men, whose names wore the usual sailor-hailing handles, Jack and Bill, the mate had taken a supreme dislike, and they to him. At last things got to be so bad, that not an order of his did they pretend to obey, unless it was accompanied with a curse and a blow! and not unfrequently, in the night, during the mate's watch, when only three persons were on deck, have I been aroused from sleep by the sound of a rope's end on Bill's back, and his yells of rage and pain.

Well, in this way, cursing and grumbling, and flogging, as thousands of vessels have done since, we made our course across the Atlantic. Had I known as much then as I do now, things would have been different. I would have resolutely set my face against Mr. Clark's brutal and badgering ways on the one hand, and on the other I would have triced up Bill and Jack to the rigging upon the first sufficient provocation, given three dozen with the cats, in regular man-o'-war style, called the accounts square, and treated them mildly until they had run up another score, to be wiped off in the same way.—They would soon have understood how the land lay, and have come to the conclusion that it was time to luff up a bit, and leave off backing and filling round mutiny point.—There never was a sailor who wouldn't knock under to a due mixture of severity and kindness: but this constant hectoring only makes him feel bad, and disposes him to run his head against a marlin-spike, or a belaying-pin, whenever he sees his tormenter have it in hand. However, I was young then, as I have said; and didn't know as much as I do now.

We left Liverpool, and if it was bad before we got there, it was worse after we left. Often and often I have wished the voyage over, and that Clark and his two bass-drums, as he used to call them, were paid off and discharged. Generally I enjoy the sea; it is *such a grand place for sentiment.*

In three weeks we reached Mayo, the island to which we were bound, and anchored in the road-stead. While getting in our cargo of salt, which took us about two weeks, things went on rather more quietly, but it was only a lull before the storm. Two days out from Mayo our third man fell sick, and was compelled to keep his berth. This reduced the mate's watch to himself and Bill, while my watch was composed of Jack and the boy.

It was the mate's middle-watch on the fourth night after we had started for home, that I was aroused by the usual sounds of Mr. Clark's voice, in tones of high passion. I heard him exclaim, with an oath, 'I'll have your life you villain! I'll murder you!' and then followed a torrent of imprecations.—To this some muttered reply was made, which, as I was almost half asleep at the time I could not understand, and then came a quick heavy tread on deck. 'D——n you,' exclaimed the mate, 'I'll cut your heart out.' And then I heard a noise of scuffling—a choking sound—a crashing blow, and the fall of a body on deck.

At this moment I was sensible, from the motion of the brig, that she was rapidly falling off from the wind, and fearing that she would came round by the lee and be taken aback, I jumped from my berth, and while slipping on my clothes, I shouted to Mr. Clark to mind his helm; but he made no answer.

I stopped only for my trowsers and pea-jacket, and hurried up. As I emerged from the companion-way, I heard a heavy splash in the water, over the starboard quarter, and I saw Mr. Clark leaning over the bulwark, and with one hand holding on by the main-topmast breast backstay.

As I stepped towards him he turned, and a flash from the binnacle lamp lighted up his countenance; its expression was awful—a look of horror and fear was rapidly chasing from his features the grin of rage and the flush of physical exertion.

'Lower away the boat,' he suddenly shouted, in accents of the wildest agony:—'lower away the boat, quick, quick—Bill has jumped over board—save him, for God's sake!'

'Hold!' I exclaimed, 'belay that,' as Mr. Clark jumped to the taffrail, and began to cast off the boat-falls.

'Into the boat, quick, into the boat!' shouted the mate, in a hoarse and convulsed tone.

'Stop, Mr. Clark,' said I, laying my hand upon his shoulder, and drawing him back from the taffrail, 'What shall we man the boat for?'

'For Bill—Bill is overboard—he jumped overboard.'

'If Bill is overboard,' interposed Jack, in a surly tone, 'it's the best place for him, I guess; look at this;' and Jack stretched out his hand in the binnacle light.

'Blood! how is that?'

'Why, here on deck—and see, you can feel it on the quarter-rail; and here is some hair mixed with it. 'Bill's hair,' exclaimed Jack holding a lock of bloody hair in the light of the galley-lantern, that the old wooden-legged black cook now brought forward.

'And see here, here is his knife, all covered with blood—I heard Clark, ask him for it not ten minutes since.'

'Mr. Clark,' continued Jack, sideling up to the mate, with a most truculent and lowering vissage and tone, 'you'll swing for this, if there's any law in the land. I heard him cry murder, and I've heard you threaten to take his life more than once.'

'Man the boat! man the boat!' shrieked the mate, wringing his hands, and frantically grasping the boat-falls.

At this moment it occurred to me, that perhaps the sailor might have been merely wounded; and although the chance of picking him up was so small, it was worth the attempt, if only for the mate's sake. So, directing the boy to hoist a lantern into the rigging, while the old cook was to mind the helm and keep the brig aback, the boat was lowered, and jumping into it with Jack and the mate, I pushed off. With such convulsive strength did Mr. Clark bend to his oar, that I had to direct the whole force of the rudder against him, to keep him from pulling Jack round and round. Stoutly we rowed out in the blackness to leward, till the light in the distant brig shone like a fixed star, so small the parallax, or change in the angle of vision, as it rose and fell upon the undulating sea. Frequently we stopped and listened, and frequently the mate's agonized voice went over the hissing waste of waters, but no groan of the dying came back in reply.

'There's not much use in this work,' exclaimed Jack.

I knew that he spoke the truth; and after two hours' hard pulling, I sternly silenced Mr. Clark's remonstrances, and ordered the boat back to the brig. As we mounted to the deck, the purplish light of dawn streamed across the water. The murderer turned his ghastly face towards me, and in a half-inquiring tone, exclaimed, 'he jumped overboard.' I looked him steadily in the eye for a moment, and deliberately shook my head. His lips became of a bluish white; his breath seemed to fail him; and staggering forward, he threw himself across the companion hatch and sobbed violently. *The stern, hard man* was all gone.

All day he sat in the cabin upon the transom, with his head bowed upon his hands.—I left him the cabin pretty much to himself, but I could not help, as I walked the deck, taking an occasional glance at him through the skylight. In the afternoon he roused himself a little, took a look out of the cabin windows, got out his desk, and wrote steadily for an hour; and superscribing several letters, directing one of them in words, that in the distance, looked very much like my name. This was suspicious. I saw that he had made up his mind to something—what was it? What could it be but suicide? It was clearly my duty to prevent this, or at any rate to give him a longer time to think about it; so just at sunset I called Jack and the boy and went down into the cabin. I at once addressed myself to the criminal, told him plainly my suspicions; told him that I knew he intended to throw himself overboard, and that as I was determined he should do no such thing, at least for the present, I had come to the resolution of putting him in irons: he started, appeared for the moment somewhat astonished, but readily submitted without saying a word.

The next morning we were spoken by a brig, which proved to be a United States man-of-war, five days from Porta Prayo, on the island of St. Iago, and bound for the Chesapeake. The first Lieutenant came aboard of us and after hearing my story, took me back with him to see his captain, who decided at once to transfer Mr. Clark to his vessel, and carry him home for trial. At the same time he loaned me three active fellows to supply his place, without which I could not have got along at all, seeing that my third man was likely to be for some time confined to his birth. When all was arranged, we filled away and stood on in company, both being bound for the capes of the Chesapeake. The man-of-war, however, out-sailed us, and it was not until a week after her arrival that I got in with the Moresco. In the mean time Mr. Clarke had been handed over to those who had jurisdiction on shore; and as soon as we arrived, all hands were ordered up as witnesses, and preparations for the trial at once commenced. Somehow or another they were not as long about such things then, as now. The lawyers were not so expert in staving off cases and bamboozling judges; and the juries had just as leave hang a man as look at him, if he had fairly thrust his head in the noose. There has been a change since then, whether for the better or worse, I can't say, but I suppose for the better. The truth is, I've seen so many changes, that in the beginning I was a little dubious about, turn out so well in the end, that I'm determined never to say anything new is wrong again. Why, I've seen the time when I've thought that a ship was no ship unless her shrouds were catharpened in as tightly as the ribs of a Broadway belle.

"Well, well," continued the captain to his auditors, "I see that you think I am going rather large, but just wait a minute till I put my helm down, and brace up again once more, and I'll weather the whole story in half the shake of a shark's tail.

It is not necessary to go into a long account of the trial. Suffice it to say, that my evidence, light as I could make it, was heavy against the prisoner. I was compelled to the bad blood between him and the dead man—the words and sounds I heard that night—the splash in the water—the attitude of Clark over the bulwark—the blood and hair found on the deck and rail. But if my evidence was hard, Jack's was still harder; he swore, that he, the mate, "would have Bill's life." He swore that not more than three minutes before the row, he heard Mr. Clark ask Bill for his sheath-knife; that shortly, *he heard* the mate say, "D——n you, I'll murder you;" that there was scuffling and the sound of two or three blows, and a cry of murder, to which he should have paid no attention, had it not have been for the low and peculiar tone in which it was uttered; that upon this, he sprung upon deck, and saw the mate in the very act of lifting the body over the quarter bulwark.

The evidence of the sick man, boy, and cook, was all, as far as it went, to the same effect; and by the time it was all in, it was all up with Mr. Clark—he didn't need a long speech from the district attorney to finish him; without that, he stood no more chance for his life than a flying-fish does among a shoal of dolphins. The jury brought him in guilty, after about fifteen minutes deliberation, and the next day the Judge sentenced him to be hanged."

"And was he hanged?" demanded one of the group of listeners, as the captain paused in his story.

"Certainly," replied the captain; "they *put a rope around his neck, and, knocking out the platform from beneath him, left him dancing the pirate's jig upon nothing.* He kicked and strangled for a long time; but I suppose that made the sight more instructive—a greater moral lesson. Oh! he was hanged by the neck until he was dead, for I saw the body afterwards."

"And it served him right," exclaimed the gentleman who had been the advocate of capital punishment in the recent dispute—"served him right; it was a very clear case of murder."

"Yes, it was a clear case—a very clear case; and yet, to my certain knowledge, there was no murder about it."

"How so?" exclaimed a dozen voices. Do you think he did not intend to kill the sailor?"

"I don't think at all; I know. I know not only that he did not mean to kill the man, but that no man was killed."

An expression of increased interest now escaped the group, which gathered up closer round the narrator.

"Listen," he continued, "and I'll just reel off my yarn, and whip the fag-end of it in half a minute.

It was about five years afterwards that I took a cargo of tobacco to Gibaralter, to supply the *contrabandists*, who, under the broad and powerful shield of the English flag, make the rock a depot for goods to be smuggled into Spain. Well, I was ashore one day, attending to the sale of some goods at auction in Commercial Square, when among the sailors who were loitering about, I saw one whose face struck me as being very familiar, but whose name I could not recollect. He passed on, and I should have thought no more about it, such things being common enough, had there not been something in the fellow's look that struck me as being very peculiar, and induced me to pause and think where I had seen him. Suddenly a recollection of the Moresco business came before me like a blaze of sheet lightning in a dark night.

"That's either Bill, Bill's twin brother, his ghost, or the devil," said I, as I jumped from a tobacco hogshead, and almost knocked down the American Consul, and fairly running over two Moors, three Jews, and a jackass, took after the sailor who was still in sight. As I came up with him, he turned, and I could see at once that he recognized me. He touched

[Concluded on the fourth page.]

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

WHAT WE LABOR FOR:

The RIGHTS OF MAN to himself, to a permanent home on the earth, to the choice of industrial pursuits, to limit for himself the hours of toil, to an equivalent for what he produces, to the best opportunities for education, and to freedom in every thing.

LOWELL, SEPTEMBER 25, 1846.

The Industrial Reform Pledge.

"We whose names are annexed, desirous of restoring to man his Natural Right to Land, do solemnly agree, that we will not vote for any man for the Presidency or Congress who will not pledge himself in writing to use all the influence of his station, if elected, to prevent all further traffic in the Public Lands of the States and of the United States, and to cause them to be laid out in farms and lots for the free and exclusive use of actual settlers; or for any man for the Governorship or the Legislature who will not so pledge himself to the Freedom of the Public Lands, to a Limitation of the quantity of land to be obtained by any individual hereafter in this State, to the exemption of the Homestead from any future debt or mortgage, and to a limitation to ten of the hours of daily labor on public works or in establishments chartered by law."

Letters to Hon. Abbott Lawrence.

NUMBER FOUR.

DEAR SIR:—The expediency of legal enactments for the reduction of the hours of daily toil is not only demonstrated by the destructive results of present modes of factory labor upon the health of the operatives, but by its destructive, brutalizing effects upon the mind and heart. If, as was argued in a former letter, it is but little better than physical assassination, it can be easily shown that it is also quite as disastrous in its action upon the intellectual and social nature.

We admit that the factory population of America are intelligent in comparison with other countries. We rejoice as much as any, that there is evidence of "mind among the spindles," that to the philanthropic of other lands is a matter of surprise and astonishment. But it requires but little discernment to see that your system of factory labor is not creditable with any peculiar merit for the superiority of our operative population. They were not educated in the American factory. They are the sons and daughters of the husbandman and artizan, whose minds were nurtured in the Common School or the village Academy, before they left their homes to be shut up fourteen hours per day in the factory bastiles. They have not acquired their education, by privileges you have offered them during the half-hour's intermission of labor allowed for their meals, nor after they were dismissed from work, between half past seven o'clock at night and half past four the next morning. They have no chance for consecutive study or thought while in or out of the factory during the time of their employment. It would be safe to affirm that ninety-nine suffer literary and intellectual loss while laboring in the mills, where there is one whose mind is improved.

Improved! what chance, what opportunity is there for improvement under a fourteen hour system of soul-crushing toil? The operatives are so exhausted when they leave the mills at night, that they can scarcely drag their worn-out bodies to their "boarding-house" homes—they are so fatigued that instead of setting down to read or study, they are driven to seek repose, not unfrequently, even before they have partaken of their evening's meal. And even if they felt like devoting their nights to study, they are shut up with from six to ten others in the same sleeping room, some of whom may probably feel like conversing, laughing or singing; so that no retirement, no privacy, no opportunity for improvement is guaranteed to them. Under such outward circumstances, no system of study could possibly be pursued, and no reading engaged in, unless it was of a character requiring little or no mental effort. Such are the educational advantages of the factory operative.

Besides, factory life in America, is a constant violation of the social sentiments, and really demands the abrogation of the ties of consanguinity, friendship and love. "All persons," says your printed regulation paper, "must board in the houses of the corporation." Your rents must be paid and the girls must be compelled to board in your houses to help pay them. But more than all, they must live within two minutes walk of the factory gate. They would have too much time for exercise in the open air—they would not be in precisely at the ringing of the bells, if they were permitted to board a few rods from the corporation limits. So if the operatives have parents, or brothers, or sisters living in the same factory village where they are employed, they must forsake their friends and their homes, and herd among strangers in the crowded factory boarding house. Children must be separated from their parents; brothers from their sisters, and friend from friend, whenever the corporation demands it. Husband and wives, when both are employed in the mills of Lowell, are not permitted to board in the same house. A single room cannot be spared to less than four or six occupants. So the family must be broken up. The holiest ties of friendship and love, so far as it is in the power of corporations to do it, must be severed in twain. It is not enough, by your monopoly of the sources of wealth, to call the young from the parental homestead, and from the friendships and associations of early life, but if a few scattered portions of a family or neighborhood cluster together to live in each other's sympathy and friendship, they must be torn asunder, to board in corporation boarding houses, or be turned out of employment, libelled from counting room to counting room, their names entered upon your infamous "Black Lists," and thus forbidden to work elsewhere." Such is the regard you have for the social wants of our operative population. Such is the outrage you commit upon the holiest emotions of the human heart, rather than sacrifice your lust for gain, by a reasonable reduction of the hours of toil. Thus you are doing your worst, by your system of factory labor, to stultify the intellect, and annihilate the affections of your operative brothers and sisters.

You have read, Sir, the story of Casper Hauser, the German child, who had grown up to the size of manhood, without ever having been permitted to come in contact with society or to receive the least instruction, so that mentally and morally he was but a man-infant, a breathing automaton, a walking corpse, destitute of the sign of spiritual life. The fact that a human being had thus been welcomed into the world, was so extraordinary, so shocking, that it was a subject of conversation in every civilized country on the globe. It was a crime that found no parallel in the annals of history. A human being in the most enlightened country of the world, had grown up to physical maturity, without ever having been permitted to hear a human voice, or to look upon a human face. A mindless, affectionless, soulless man! A divine brute.

'Tis not strange that the deed was held in universal abhorrence, or that the Legislators should meet to make the offence penal, and for the want of a name by which to distinguish the crime, should denominate it "SOUL-MURDER." Those had lived before who had killed the body, but here a murder had been committed upon the soul—life itself made a *living death*, and existence, *annihilation*. Here was a man above ground, walking upright, that in thought and sentiment assimilated to the worm; stricken from his position beside the angels, down to the condition of creeping things. This was murder indeed.

But, oh! Sir, are you not a Casper Hauserizing hundreds and thousands of our operative community? Are you not placing them in circumstances where, if the inmates of the civilized world were placed in their hands they have no power to improve by thought? Do you not compel them to toil till their bodies are so worn down and exhausted, that there can be left no taste nor capacity for study or reflection? If the population of our factory villages and cities ever become permanent as they are in Europe, and [illegible] surely will, must not some ignorance prevail here [illegible] integral education and universal intelligence is out of the question, under your regime of factory labor. On the contrary, it is tending to an ignorance as dark as the [illegible] and perpetual as time. It is dooming its victims to the grave while yet alive. A change, a radical change, must be made in the condition and opportunities for development [illegible] the German prison-child, the time will come to the operatives of America when their breathing bodies may be called a "Soulless Corporation," without using a figure of speech.

And it is to you they look for the change desired. You have the power and influence by which it may be accomplished. Shall it be done? or will you continue to commit soul-murder, by your system of interminable toil and your schemes of social annihilation?

The operatives do not ask all, nor half that justice would give them,—that they may be compelled to do no more than their share of the world's work. For if every one ate his bread by the sweat of his own face, three or four hours labor per day would supply the wants of the race. They ask only, that "*ten hours shall constitute a legal day's work.*" They pray but for a short [illegible] that they may be permitted [illegible] days of their friends, [illegible] to sit down with them [illegible] a quiet hour—to have a few moments time to gaze upwards into the sweet heavens, or to wipe the dust from the covers of their Bibles. They pray that their bodies may not be murdered by inches, and that their souls may not be worse than annihilated, by your system of labor. They pray that they may not be worked to death—worked without ceasing—Casper Hauser-ized—annihilated. Will you listen [illegible] appeal, and do what you can to grant it? If not, withdraw your support from Bible Societies, and proclaim yourself a traitor to God and humanity. If not, Renounce the Christian religion, the law of universal brotherhood and love, and seek your fellows among the Thugs, or the heathen of New Zealand. If not, cease forever your hypocritical whine for the protection of labor, and acknowledge yourself a tyrant and a tiger, that would scruple not in your schemes of monopoly and oppression, of selfishness and ambition, to rise in wealth and power by the ruin of a world.

Yours in harsh truth, and stern justice.

JOHN ALLEN.

MORNING TELEGRAPH.—Is the title of a sprightly little Daily, published at Wheeling, Va., by James W. Brackinridge, & Co., and edited by Dr. Wills De Hass, late editor of the Wellsburgh Transcript. It professes to be independent in regard to politics, and we hope in everything else; indeed we should judge so, by its course in relation to human progress. Success to it.

The Convention at Nashua.

The Convention at Nashua, was the greatest meeting in point of power and enthusiasm, ever held by the workingmen of New England. It was not large in numbers, but it was mighty in its determined spirit, and in the strength of its principles. Manchester, Boston, Hollis on, Danvers, Lynn, Lowell, Hollis and Chelmsford, were represented by earnest and intelligent delegates. And the people of Nashua, only wake them up, are a host in themselves.

The business of the Convention consisted mainly in the adoption of a new Constitution embracing all the affirmative propositions put forth by the late Industrial Congress, and the passage of resolutions to lose no time, in bringing our principles before the people, and taking measures to express them practically, by organized, efficient political action. A resolution was passed responding warmly to the Call for a State National Reform Meeting at Worcester, and appointing several delegates to attend.

Some resolutions were introduced, upon the subject of the reduction of the hours of toil to ten, in all chartered establishments; which raised quite a discussion between the members of the Convention, and some of the citizens of Nashua. Messrs. [illegible] and Hodge, defended the present system of labor most emphatically, the first and second evenings. On Saturday evening, after the adjournment of the Convention, the citizens called a meeting to discuss the subject farther, but the opposers had probably received instructions [illegible] as no one appeared to defend the enormities of factory labor and life.

During the present week, there has been a "turn out" from one large machine shop, declaring that they will not "light up." They have been joined by some from the factory, who declare they will not work evenings. On Monday evening, there was a procession of nearly a thousand persons, marching through the streets of the village, declaring that they would be oppressed no longer, and cheering long and loud in behalf of the ten hour System.

The Constables, with Mark Gillis, brother to the factory Agent of this place, at their head, did their best to get up a riot. The procession surrounded the factory gate, to welcome the girls with a round of cheers as they should leave the mill. They were quiet as the occasion would permit. But Constable Gillis appeared among them, threatening to knock them down unless they cleared the way, and dispersing, and he commenced reading the "riot act." The procession had a few words, but his voice was drowned in a universal Hurra; He foamed and fretted awhile, and gave it up as a bad job. If there was any riot on the occasion, it is the opinion of many citizens that it was by the conductors of peace.

An Industrial Reform League will be organized in Nashua before the present week closes.—Many very good citizens will give it their influence and support. The "turn out" was rather premature, perhaps, and will not accomplish so much directly, as many hope for. But it will cause a discussion of our principles, which will bring them before the people and hasten the day of the final triumph. The regular proceedings of the Convention will appear next week.

Industrial Reform Association.

The Association met agreeable to adjournment. Voted to hold meetings regularly every Monday evening, at 76 Central st., and that the Female Labor Reform Association be invited to partake in the deliberations of the meetings.

The following Resolutions were offered for discussion at the next meeting.

Resolved, That inasmuch as the rights and privileges of the producing classes of this country, are violated by Legislators and Law makers, we the members of the Industrial Reform Association, of Lowell, will give our support to those only, who promise to sustain the measures proposed by the Labor Reform League of N. E., as set forth in the following pledge.

"We whose names are annexed, desirous of restoring to man his Natural Right to Land, do solemnly agree, that we will not vote for any man for the Presidency or Congress who will not pledge himself in writing to use all the influence of his station, if elected, to prevent all further traffic in the Public Lands of the States and of the United States, and to cause them to be laid out into farms and lots for the free and exclusive use of actual settlers; or for any man for the Governorship or the Legislature, who will not so pledge himself to the freedom of the Public Lands, to a Limitation of the quantity of land to be obtained by any individual hereafter in this State, to exemption of the Homestead from any future debt or mortgage, and to a limitation to ten of the hours of daily labor on public works or in establishments chartered by law."

Resolved, That it is expedient to form a Political Party, based on the principles Industrial Reform.

Robert Owen has returned again to the United States, having crossed the Atlantic four times in less than six months. Though upwards of 75 years old, he is still as enthusiastic as ever in the pursuit of his plans of reform.

Association in Virginia.

We are happy to learn that the principles taught by Jesus Christ and his apostles, by precept and example, are embraced by an Association, formed in Wheeling Va., auxiliary to the American Union of Associationists, for the dissemination of principles of true reform, for the good of the whole human family, without distinction. Principles respecting the Social destiny of mankind, are being disseminated throughout the land. An expression for an order of society based on a system of joint-stock property, co-operative labor, association of families, equal distribution of profits, mutual guarantees, and unity of interests, we have in the many affiliated Societies that are continually springing up in every part of the country.

The day is dawning, in which we shall realize the embodyment of the spirit that moves men's souls to deeds of Godliness—when we shall have the fulfilment of the Divine command, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." When men will cease to trafficing in the earth, the air and the water; thereby denying generations yet unborn, the right to life, liberty and happiness. When man will no longer barter God's image upon the glutted alter of avarice and guild over rotten-hearted thrones that are dedicated to the worship of mammon. When all shall be reclaimed from the thraldom of slavery, oppression, want, misery, and ruin. M.

National Reform Convention at Worcester, October 8 and 9, 1846.

Let this meeting be fully attended by every friend of the Workingmen. Questions of the utmost importance will come before the Convention, and doubtless measures will be adopted to secure unitory political action among the working classes. *It is time for the* people to take the Government from the hands of monopolists and idlers, and administer it for the interests of labor.

Lectures on Political Reform.

JOHN ALLEN will Lecture upon the measures proposed in the National Reform Pledge, as follows:—

In Medway, on Wednesday and Thursday, evenings, (Sept. 30, and Oct. 1;) on Friday and Saturday evening, in Holliston; Sunday, day and evening, in Blackstone; Monday evening in Uxbridge; Tuesday evening, in Millbury.

Will the friends of Industrial Reform make preparations and give notice of these several meetings.

[illegible]'s Great Painting, the "Fall of the World," is now on exhibition in this city. It has elicited universal admiration wherever it has been exhibited, and we promise ourselves much gratification in studying it, and shall take occasion in a future number to speak of it more fully.

News About Town and Country.

A FLAG IN DISTRESS.—That flag on Market Street seems to be rather the worse for wear; we should judge their might has about three stripes and a half left, with stars to itself; and even this poor apology for an ensign, is in a very precarious situation, not able to "stand much of a blow."

We would suggest to our patriotic citizens, the propriety of getting up a subscription for the relief of the poor unfortunate that has been gradually wearing itself away in masterly inactivity; if something is not done soon, we are afraid Uncle Sam's recruiting man, will be scudding under bare poles."

MR. CHAUNCY L. KNAPP.—We learn by the Chronotype, that this gentleman is nominated as a candidate for Congress, in this district, by the Liberty Party. Mr. Knapp is a mechanic, a man of fine talents and unexceptionable character, and would be an honor to any station in which the people might place him; if the morals of our members of Congress were of as high a standard as his, there would be none of those disgraceful proceedings of which we so often read. We hope the other political parties will be as judicious in the selection of their candidates, so that whoever may be elected, we shall be sure of a good and honest man.

PROTRACTED MEETING.—The Sabbath Labor Christians, are holding a 'series' of meetings "for the glory of God, and the good of the corporations." Nashua, and the other christians of the same order, "in good and regular standing" sent a full delegation, who represented their cause to be in a flourishing condition.

FOURIER CONVENTION.—This Society of Social Reformers met on Monday evening, at Marlboro' Chapel, in Boston. Addresses were made by C. Dana, J. Allen, A. Brisbane, Dwight and others. We would like to give a report of the meeting were we qualified; but it must suffice to say, it was one of great interest, and we trust of profit.

"TRUE BLUE."—A new company in Boston, wears a new style of uniform, that may well be called uniform. Blue coats, pants and caps, with white trimmings. Even their guns are trimmed with white. The best taste of any one on the common, in our judgment.

ON THE TRACK.—The cars run between Nashua and Lowell on Sundays, to bring laborers to work on the new canal. How pious th corporations are who make by-laws to compel their operatives to attend church, it being necessary "to preserve good order in society." "Great country this."

At Mackinaw, on the 31st ult, one of the soldiers who arrived there from Buffalo, entered the tent of a Chippewa Indian, about twelve o'clock at night, with base designs on a young woman. The mother defended her daughter, when he so brutally beat her that she died in intense suffering. He was pointed out from among his comrades by an Indian, and arrested, and will, no doubt, receive a just punishment for his rascality.

A son of Nathan Mason, Esq., of Providence, was accidentaly shot, recently, while getting over a wall with a loaded gun in his hand.

The Springfield Republican, has been attached $2000 for libel, in publishing a communication warning the people of Springfield against two persons supposed to be pickpockets. Some one says the publisher has got a new suit now—a Libel Suit.

An attempt to steal the Eastern mail bag while on its way from the boat to the Post Office at Louisville, in the night, was defeated by a dog, who presided over the charge while the driver was loitering behind. The thief escaped.

Mr. Scales, a tailor in Concord N. H., obtained $800 from the Merrimack County Bank by forgery; the bank recovered $500, and the tailor escaped with the rest.

The President has issued his proclamation declaring Alexandria to be retroceded to Virginia.

A thief was lately converted by listening to a sermon of Mr. Maffit, at Detroit, and his first proof of repentance was to return a pocket-book he had stolen the day before.

The King of France, on the 16 anniversary of his accession to the throne, granted a full pardon to 250 prisoners.

The Richmond Enquirer announces the death of Thomas R. Dew, late President of William and Mary College.

The Savannah Republican says it has rained there, so far, every day this month.

In Orange, N. J, three of Mr. Condit's children, and two men, were bitten by a rabid puppy; one son, died in consequence. Hydrophobia had not appeared in the others bitten.

It is estimated that three thousand three hundred and sixty-four different languages are now spoken in the world.

There are only 175 miles of Telegraph in operation in England, and already there are 1269 miles in the United States.

A lad was run over by a train of cars on the Eastern railroad on Saturday afternoon and crushed to death instantly.

The Horse Cholera has extended to Staten Island, where the horses are dying of it in great numbers.

Mrs. James Culver of Edgar county, Illinois, was bitten to death by a rattlesnake. Her husband being absent, and the children too small to send for the neighbors, she died before relief could be obtained.

The difference between a goose and a turkey is, the first is a nickname for a fool, and the other a nickname for a man with a "brick in his hat."

A man named Moran, says the Boston Post, who was walking in Ann street on Saturday night about eight o'clock, fell down into an unoccupied cellar, known as Mr. [illegible]. When taken up he was dead, his neck having been broken by the fall.

Five thousand four hundred and thirty-nine bales of domestic goods were exported from Boston, during the month of August. Thirty-three hundred and twenty-nine tons of ice have been exported during the same period.

The True American says that when John C. Calhoun takes snuff every man in South Carolina sneezes.

Mad dogs are said to be prevalent in Morris county, N. Y., and the farmers have determined to kill every dog coming on to their premises unaccompanied by a master.

Governor Bartly has issued a proclamation in consequence, enjoining the public officers to do their duty in the premises.

The Randolph slaves are at present scattered in the the county of Miami—suffered to remain in peace at last.

Gen. Kearney has written home that he will not return to the United States until next winter twelve months.

The Mexican Governor, Armijo, is said to have run away from Santa Fe.

When you loaf in a printing office, always rest your elbow on a galley full of standing types. By that means you will leave a piece of pie which some poor compositor, will thank you for as soon as you are out.

Robert Owen came passenger in the Victoria, which arrived at New York last week, from London.

A man was killed at South Boston on Monday by the bursting of a steam boiler in an iron foundry.

A young lawyer at Rome N. Y., has been raising the wind by forgery.

A negro woman and her children, lately taken from Pennsylvania to Virginia by a dealer in human flesh, and claimed by him as property, have been set free by the proper authority.

Two Mormon spies have been shot by the anti Mormon mob, at Nauvoo.

Cogswell's factory in Peterboro', N. H., was burnt last week.

The first lecture before the Lowell Institute will be delivered next Wednesday.

FEMALE DEPARTMENT.

Cheering Words.

The following, is an extract from a letter received in this City, from a gentleman, who is the proprietor of a manufacturing establishment in New England. So heart cheering did the sentiments appear, coming from such a source, that we have deemed no appology necessary, for making it public, than that the wants and necessities of the industrial classes demand it. The author will pardon us for so doing we trust. God grant we may have many, very many such, from similar sources! And we do confidently hope and believe that unless the God of mammon has completely absorbed all the milk of human kindness in breasts of the combined capitalists, and destroyed every feeling of patriotism and nobleness, which should thrill every American heart, that we shall have ere long, their co-operation, in this great Labor Reform movement. Our permanancy as a Nation, and a Republic demand it. H. J. S.

"Lowell, Sept. 21, 1846.

Friend H:—Enclosed is three dollars in advance, for three copies of the 'Voice of Industry.' I received in due time your letter and it was with no small degree of pleasure that I learned you were engaged heart and hand in the great cause of Humanity—the cause of all causes to be engaged in. Down trodden and degraded humanity needs the assistance of the truly benevolent in every land. Go on, go on, we say, until the last band of slavery shall be broken, either physical, social, intellectual or moral. Let the "Voice" be heard, whose thunder tones shall arouse the Nobility of the earth from their lethergic inactivity, bidding them claim their rights, and break the yoke that has so long crushed them down to earth. Bid them rise and be free! It is cheering to every benevolent heart to see the female sex claiming their rights with the rest, for they have been long degraded and as things now are they have a strong opposition to contend with, but truth and right will prevail.

You say that my business is generally opposed to the reduction of the hours of labor, and of intellectual and moral culture. That is a fact in most if not all cases; I have not in my life seen one case to the contrary. I think if a right state of society existed no one would need to labor over eight hours per day. In the present state of civilization, we are all slaves, some to one thing and some to another; some to appetite, some to fashion, and of course cannot be free.

The factory system as now existing is the greatest curse of our country! And if suffered to go on as it has done, without redress, poverty, degradation and misery, will be the inevitable lot of the laboring and producing classes!"

Looking on The Surface.

People are too prone to look only on the surface of things. Especially is this the case when looking at the subject of the evils of the factory system as now progressing in New-England. Many are ready to say, there is as much intelligence among the operatives in our manufacturing towns, as there is among any other class, as a whole; and there they stop—not even doubting but what they have overturned one of the main pillars of Labor Reform. Let us see! Grant there is intelligence among the spindles; how came it there? Was it acquired while bending in unnatural positions thirteen hours per day over machinery, whose clatter is sufficient to confuse the clearest head, and cause the whole intellectual machinery to run out of gear? No, far from this! They gathered their intellectual treasures among the green hills and fertile vales, of their own loved mountain homes, where the pure air of heaven gave life and animation to the whole being—where earth's variegated beauties and harmonies, all combined to fill the soul with rapture and peace! But this is merely talk—it does not enter deep into the soulless, heartless System, of which we are speaking. The great question is, can a factory population, such as will ere long grow up here in America, like Jonah's gourd, become an educated, intelligent people, a people worthy that country which stands preeminent among all the Nations of the earth? That is the question to be solved. more anon. H. J. S.

Dear Voice:—I have not forgotten your "ten thousand" readers; and as I left without giving any thing to the "copy draw," I will just give a brief sketch of a few things in the city of Notions.

It is true we do not see Boston with her ten thousand operatives, like Lowell, but we are forcibly struck with the haggard visage of want on every hand. While we look at splendid houses on one hand, we see those who build them in the ranks of the poor. While we see the parlors peopled with drones in station, we see the industrious, hard-working girl in the kitchen, clad in rags, with just enough to "keep soul and body together."—The creator of the world's wealth in want—suffering banishment from social life, and shut up with the kitchen furniture as an appendage or a part of it, necessary to the comfort of those who would have starved long ago if they had depended upon their own efforts? This is the way of the world, and our boasted "free institutions." Nay! popular Christianity, even, does not offer a remedy, practically.—When shall the end be? When shall that Divine law of Christianity be applied to our world? "He that will not work neither shall he eat."

It may be known by some of your readers that the military are out on parade to-day. I have just returned from the Common, and was truly grateful that the spirit of "peace on earth and good will to man" has some advocates. I hope the time is not far distant when men shall meet to consult the best method of education, and the most effectual remedies for ignorance and vice, instead of coming out with weapons of war, to say practically—"come if you dare—we will shoot you—we are more numerous or savage than you." So far as the order and uniform are concerned, it was very good.

We saw some sad sights; of women and children selling fruit—poor, destitute, ragged looking beings—suffering for want of comfortable clothing, good food, and above all, taken out into the storm and strife of existence too early to be educated; too young to have had the affections cultivated—society contributing to make them selfish, perhaps, even, dishonest.

Could the world be convinced of the policy of educating the children of the poor, instead of building penitentiaries, jails and gibbets—if all that is expended for the *punishment* of crime, could be expended in *preventing* it, how soon would this blood-stained world be restored to harmony, and Heaven and earth join hands in an ecstacy of joy.

There are other things that might be of interest to your readers, but I will not enter upon a new topic after having said so much.—So "good bye" for this week.

You will hear from me next week, with a letter on flunkery, suggested by visiting Armory Hall, and seeing Herr Alexander's performance.

Boston, Sept. 23d, 1846.

Oberlin.

A writer in the Cleveland Herald who says he had great prejudices against Oberlin gives a very favorable account of the late Commencement exercises there, and bears a testimony which is truly precious in these days, in regard to any institution of education.—He says of President Mahan's address to the graduating young ladies;

He spoke of the Age, of its progress—of the enquiry after Truth. He said that Romanists should be opposed, because they placed themselves in opposition to independent thought. They hung weights upon minds and forbid them to think, unless, as it has been taught to them.

He spoke of the Church, and said, the great mistake of the Church is, that it teaches its children the catechism and the creeds it has established for them, instead of teaching them to seek as honest enquirers after truth. Truth is only valuable to mind, for its own intrinsic worth.

In the Councils of Heaven nothing is censured but dishonesty.

Shall institutions stand because they exist, or shall they be made to conform to the wants and to the character of the age.

Such were some of the leading topics of this excellent address. I wish that all could have listened to it—they would have left Oberlin, with the full consciousness, that the President of this school, dares to speak freely and independently.

Again he says: I could not discover any straight jacket for the mind at Oberlin.—Thought is free. Here students are taught to think; to think independently, boldly, and manfully; to examine, investigate, search out and explore for themselves.

The Faculty of this College are strong men. Messrs. Mahan and Finney are known far and wide as men of great power and ability. Prof. Morgan has a high reputation as a student and a man of science. Prof. Thome is an elegant and accomplished scholar, and one of the best men; a Kentuckian by birth, and a Yankee by education, and in principle. Well may 'old Kentucky' be proud of such a man; be proud to own him as her own son.

Breach of Promise.—A captain of a vessel, "down east," has recently instituted a suit against a young lady for "breach of promise" to marry. The young lady, on being called into court and asked what she had to say in the matter, answered as follows:

"Gentleman of the Judge and Jury. You see I am a poor female woman, brought here before you, "the lords of creation," charged with having violated my promise to marry that are man what is scrooched up there in the corner, and looks so much like a lizard friz to a rail.

"Lords of creation" and of our surveys—I have a statement to make, and an appeal to the women of the world, to say if I haint pursued the right course. Ask that captain too, gentlemen, and he'll tell you what I say is true. No longer than two weeks ago, the wretch told me with his own mouth, that in a heavy storm off Zuider Z, he was compelled to hug the shore! Gentlemen wasn't this too much? I never shall marry a man that hugs every thing he sees.

She was acquitted without further evidence, and the unfortunate captain will still have to hug the shore instead of his lady-love.

Right of Distress.

Lord Denman, on Thursday last, pronounced a judgment in the English Court of Queen's Bench, which goes far to wrest the "clearance right" from landlordism. Hitherto evictions were considered legal at which tenants had to escape from their houses that they might not be buried in their ruins. But Lord Denman has unequivocally declared that "the act of demolishing a house in which human beings are actually present, is illegal and unjustifiable, whatever may be the right which the demolishers may possess to pull down the premises in question when they happen to be vacant." The tenant must therefore, be removed before the work of destruction can legally commence.

A preliminary process must be gone through to get the tenant out of the house, otherwise, the landlord exercises his "rights of property" in a manner decided by Lord Denman to be positively illegal.

Lord Denman delivered the judgment of the Court. On the pleadings as they now stood it must be admitted that the defendant had entered with a strong hand and pulled down the house in which the plaintiff was residing with his family. The question therefore, was, whether he had a right to do this. There certainly was no express authority upon that point, but it had been contended on the part of the defendant that this case must be decided by analogy to cases of distraining, in which cases the law allowed a man to take his own remedy into his own hands. Assuming that argument to be correct, it must be recollected that the law forbade the distraining of a horse when the rider was upon him, or distraining tools in the actual use of the owner at the moment; and this was forbidden by the law on account of the eminent probability of a breach of the peace being thereby occasioned. But surely the risk of a breach of the peace was more imminent in the case of pulling down a house in which persons were actually present at the time. The probable danger to human life was great, and the act was calculated in the highest degree to excite violence and a breach of the peace. The law did not permit a man to prosecute the attainment of a remedy at such a risk, and it was therefore unnecessary for the plaintiff to show that there had been an actual breach of the peace, the imminent likelihood of which was shown by the averment in the declaration that the plaintiff was in his own house at the time the defendant committed the act complained of. Enough appeared to show that the act could not be justified in law, and on this point there must be judgment for the plaintiff.—[Dublin Nation.

So it would seem that even in Britain this right of "Distress" is not absolute. It being a most villanous usurpation, exercise it how you will, the law has interposed to prevent a recurrence to it, where there is danger that it may lead to a breach of the peace!? When Edgerton, Steele and Wright plunged their horses through the Indians at Andes, was it not likely to produce a breach of the peace!? When one of them put the point of a stick to an Indian's breast, and pushed him out of his way, was it not likely to result in blows? In doing this, therefore, they broke the spirit of the law, even as it exists in England.—[Anti-Renter.

One of the Chivalry in Trouble.—Rev. Dr. Thomas Smyth, of Charleston, South Carolina, who lately visited Belfast, made certain statements injurious to the moral and religious character of Mr. Frederick Douglass, the fugitive slave. These statements being calculated to injure his usefulness. Mr. Douglass felt himself compelled to call upon the reverend gentleman to come forward, and make a full and public apology, or abide the legal consequences of a refusal. Messrs. Davison and Torrens, Solicitors on behalf of Mr. Douglass, demanded this apology from Dr. Smyth, intimating at the same time, that in case of refusal, he must abide the issue of a civil action, which would afford him abundant opportunity to prove if he could, the truth of his assertions.

Mr. Douglass, conscious of innocence, took this manly and fearless mode of procedure, rather than the more usual of filing a criminal information, which would hinder the party complained against from putting in a plea of justification.

The following is a copy of Dr. Smyth's letter of apology, with which Mr. Douglass's Solicitors advised him to rest satisfied, as his only object was the vindication of principle and character, and not any consideration of a pecuniary nature.

(*Copy.*) "Dublin, July 28, 1846.

Gentlemen: In reply to your letter of the 16th inst. informing me that you had been instructed by Mr. Frederick Douglass, the Anti-Slavery Lecturer, to institute proceedings at law against me for certain statements made by me, injurious to his moral and religious character, I beg to express my sincere regret for having uttered the same; the more especially, as, upon mature reflection, I am quite satisfied that the statements I incautiously made, on the report of third parties, were unfounded.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant, Messrs. Davinson & Torrens. T. Smyth."

In South Carolina, if the negro had ventured to address Rev. Mr. Smyth, he might have been asked 'Whose boy are you?' and rewarded for his impertinence by sixty lashes well laid on; but in Dublin the Slave is a man and must be treated accordingly. Such are the magical effects of a change of residence from a Republic to a Monarchy.

George M. Dallas.—The New York Journal of Commerce pays the following well merited tribute to the Vice President of the United States:

"If we ever coveted any man's position, it was that of George M. Dallas, when upon him alone devolved the responsibility of passing or defeating the People's Tariff. He however proved himself equal to the emergency; and although he has since been burned in effigy by some of the indiscreet friends of the Tariff of 1842, yet we do not hesitate to say that the vote which he gave on the memorable 28th of July, relieving the millions from burdens to which they have been subjected for the benefit of a comparatively few, will prove to be with the nation at large, the most popular act of his life. We believe it was an act of principle and duty, against a combination of influence sufficient to have crushed an ordinary man."

Death of Lacklanders.—About thirty wages slaves in this city and vicinity died on Friday and Saturday last of the heat, and the usual proportions in the neighboring cities. Had they been chattel slaves, their masters would have taken care that they left off work in the heat of the day. It is hard that the poor and oppressed lacklanders should be sent out of existence in this and other modes now in operation while the means of universal emancipation are now so visible.—[Young America.

☞ Owing to unavoidable circumstances, over which we had no control, namely sickness, we were delayed one day in the publication of our paper, last week. If an apology is necessary, stand one side and let us make our best bow, with a promise to be more prompt in future.

☞ Notice to Travelling and Local Agents.—No papers will be sent from this office to agents for new subscribers until the money is received.

☞ We would call the attention of the Ladies to Bro. Adams's Advertisement, in another column.

NOTICES.

☞ The Working Men's Protective Union, Division No. 1, meets at No. 5 Boylston Hall, Boston, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.
Wm. J. Kaulback, Sec'y.

Carrier Wanted.

☞ A good, faithful, trustworthy CARRIER is wanted to carry the Voice of Industry to subscribers in this city. Apply at this office immediately.

DANIEL CLARKE, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
Office No. 82 Central,
Corner of Hurd street.
Lowell, Sept. 18, 1846. n14 6m

WALTER BURNHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office—122 Merrimack, opposite Kirk street,
9tf Lowell, Mass.

Important to the Ladies.

THE SUBSCRIBER, (No. 65, corner of Merrimack and John st.,) is weekly receiving from importers, both in New York and Boston, a new and beautiful assortment of Millinery Goods, as ever were offered in this city, and as cheap as can be found anywhere else.
J. T. ADAMS.
Lowell, Sept 28, 1846. n25.

Stoves, Stoves, Stoves!

WAGER & DATEN'S air-tight Cooking Stoves, with a general assortment of [illegible] Copper and Iron [illegible], Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead, &c.
Cash paid for Rags, Copper, Brass, Rubber, Old Iron, &c. &c.
Setting and repairing Pumps, and all kinds of Job Work done at short notice, by I. W. & D. BANGS, opposite the Washington House, Lowell. 2tf

Notice.

THIS may certify that I have this day relinquished to my son John A. Spofford his time to act and trade for himself,—that I shall hereafter claim none of his earnings and pay no debts of his contracting.
JOHN T. SPOFFORD.
Witness—S. E. Young.
Lowell, Aug. 21, 1846.

TO LET.
Possession given immediately.

A SHOP 28 by 60 feet, with machinery and fixtures complete for the manufacture of Doors, Window-sash and blinds, and driven by a new Steam Engine of 10 horse power. This establishment situated within 8 miles of Boston, in the centre of a rapidly improving country, commands an extensive and safe business. The proprietors would if it is preferred, enter into partnership arrangements, with a person possessing the capital, and skill necessary to carry on the works.
For further particulars apply to B. A. Hastings, No. 581, Washington St., Boston, Mass., or at this office.
Boston, Aug. 21, 1846.

DR. JAMES S. OLCOTT,
BOTANIC PHYSICIAN. Office, 3d story Wentworth's building, near the Railroad Depot.
TO THE PUBLIC. I would cordially, as I leave my practice in Lowell, recommend Dr. James S. Olcott to my patients, patrons, and friends, and to the Thomsonian public generally, as an able physician, and as one upon whose character, both as a gentleman and scholar, they may implicitly rely. He was regarded by the New York Medical Botanic Society, and by Dr. Samuel Thomson, as highly efficient in extending both his theory and practice. I have consulted with him frequently in difficult cases, and have ever coincided with him in his judgment and advice. I hope they will give him their patronage.
AARON P. HOLT,
Thomsonian Botanic Physician
Lowell, June 19th, 1846. 3tf

ANELLI'S GREAT PAINTING.
The End of the World!
OR
OPENING OF THE SIXTH SEAL,

IS now open for exhibition at Wentworth's Hall for a few days only. The Painting is of immense size, containing 500 square feet of canvass, with about 40 colossal figures, besides immense masses of people in the distance, cities and shipping in flames, scenery, &c. It has been visited during the past year by more than 70,000 persons, and is pronounced by the best judges, to be the best, the most magnificent and sublime painting ever exhibited in this country.
Hours of exhibition from 8 o'clock, A. M., to 10, P. M. Brilliantly lighted at night. Explanatory Lecture given at 4 o'clock, P. M., and also at 8 1-4 each evening.
☞ Admittance 25 cents; Season tickets 50 cents; Children half price; Schools, &c., admitted at reduced rates, and a lecture given expressly for the occasion.
Lowell, Sept. 25, 1846. n25tf.

BAILEY'S LOWELL AND ESSEX CITY DAILY EXPRESS.

THIS New Line, for the accommodation of the public, will leave Lowell for Essex City, every morning, at half past 7 o'clock; and leave Essex for Lowell, at 5 o'clock P. M. Orders faithfully attended to. Bills and notes collected, and all ordinary business attended to with care and fidelity.
Mr. Bailey has convenient carriages for the conveyance of passengers to and from these places. All who are disposed to patronize him, will please leave their names at his offices, and they will be called for at their respective places of residence, and left at the places of their destination.
Offices.—Farmer's and Mechanic's Hotel and T. J. Bailey's No. 9, Merrimac Street Lowell, T. Osgood's No. 2, Essex City,—also, at the Toll House in the latter place.

REMOVAL.

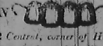
DR. S. F. GLADWIN would inform his patrons, and all other persons who may be in want of the service of a Dentist, that he has removed his office to his residence, No. 96, Merrimack street, one door west of D. Fay's confectionary, where he will be happy to wait upon all who may have occasion for his professional aid, at all hours of the day and evening.
The length of Dr. Gladwin's residence in Lowell, and the large amount of his business in past years, render it unnecessary for him to resort to the common practice of puffing. He would therefore, merely state that he is prepared to perform all operations upon the Teeth in the latest and most approved manner. All materials which he uses are warranted to be of the best quality, and the work to be equal to that of any other Dentist. He will insert single teeth, or any required number, either on pivot or the gold plate.
Dr. G. will insert whole sets of teeth—either with or without artificial gums—which he will warrant to be retained by
ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE ALONE,
without either clasps or springs, and to answer all purposes of mastication.
Any responsible person, who may require it, will be allowed sufficient time to test the quality of the work, and the accuracy of the fit before payment will be required.
Dr. Gladwin is permitted to refer such as may desire information in regard to his qualifications as a Dentist, to the following persons, who have worn whole sets of Teeth inserted by him, and nearly all retained by atmospheric pressure alone, from one to three years.

Miss S. Wood,	Mrs. C. Marsh,
" C. E. Jones,	" J. Pratt,
" H. Graham,	" E. M. Gardner,
" C. Adams,	" Elizabeth Hill,
" W. Williams,	" John Ayer,
" C. Clark,	" M. Andrews,
" H. H. Waters,	Dr. D. Mowe,
Mrs. T. Andrews,	William North,
" S. W. Baker,	Amos Hull,
" T. Sanborn,	George Walker,
" M. Hoggoon,	C. F. Leighton.

Prices for work will be as low as the prices of any regular Dentist in this city or Boston.
Lowell, Aug. 21, 1846.

PEARSON'S *DAGUERREOTYPE ROOMS!*
☞ Prices Reduced! ☜

THE subscriber still continues at his old stand, Wentworth's Building, Merrimack street, near the Railroad Depot, Lowell, Mass., where he may at all times be found, ready to impart his professional services to all who wish accurate likenesses.
Mr P defies all competition, having, by the instruction of the first artists in the country and a long experience in the business, produced the most accurate likenesses of any establishment in the city; and he would at any time be glad of the opportunity to put his skill in competition with any other establishment here. Persons desirous of having miniatures taken, are requested to call on him, and those who call shall not go away dissatisfied, as his work is warranted, and the prices will be lower than at any other establishment, for the same kind of material used, and warranted to suit, or no charge will be made.
Mr P uses the improved German Instruments, which are acknowledged to be superior to any other kind used in the world. The plates which he uses are far superior to those used by any operator in this city.
Pictures taken in all weathers, and Instruction, Apparatus and Stock furnished and warranted.
Prices.—Velvet lined cases, $2,00; Satin do. 1,75. Miniatures inserted in Lockets or Breast Pins for $1,25.
Lowell, July 1846. 3m5

DR. MOWE,
SURGEON  *DENTIST.*
No. 82 Central, corner of Hurd street,

WISHES to inform his friends and patrons that he is located at his old stand, where he is ready at all times to receive them and administer to their wants. He has just returned from New York and Connecticut, where he has been visiting the best Dentists in the country, for the purpose of securing to himself all the improvements of the day, and establishing a correspondence with them; so that every new invention in his line will be immediately reported to him. He has also made arrangements with a Dentist from New York, who will be with him as a partner during the ensuing three months. Those who design to patronize a Dentist will do well to call here, for his work will be warranted to suit as well as any one's in this vicinity. If patients desire it, a short time will be given them to test the value of the work, before any pay will be demanded.
N B—He has prepared a remedy which never fails to cure the hardest toothache without causing any pain. If in any case it fails, when properly applied, he will make no charge. He makes this statement because many suffer with the toothache for months, dreading extracting. His remedy will cure, and the decayed tooth is rendered serviceable for masticating.
Filling teeth with fine gold, inserting on pivot or gold plate, from one tooth to a full set, is done on short notice. He uses no materials but the best. Dentists sometimes being deceived in the quality of gold, he has been to Hartford and made arrangements with those that prepare it, so that he is sure of the best. His prices are well known to be more liberal than any in the vicinity.
He has fitted up his office so he can perform operations in the evening for those that desire it.

NOTICE.

THIS may certify that I have this day given to my son George W. Crown his time to act and trade for himself—that from and after this date, I shall pay no debts of his contracting, and claim none of his earnings.
SAMUEL P. CROWN.
Witness, Edward S. Crown.
Lowell Sept. 7, 1846. n13

NEW MACHINE SHOP.

THE SUBSCRIBER having recently established a Machine Shop in the village of Georgetown is prepared to execute most orders in his line viz: Screws, Screw-Plates and Taps, and most kind of patterns for casting.
S. HAWLEY.
Georgetown, Sept. 4, 1846. n13

his tarpaulin, took my offered hand, and called me by name; there could be no doubt that he was the identical Bill.

"I suppose, Captain," said he "that you thought I had gone to Davy Jones' long ago; but you see I am alive and flapping. How have you been this long time? How is my old friend, Mr. Clark?"

"Mr. Clark!" said I, "Mr Clark was hanged!"

"Hanged! why that's worse luck than I ever wished him. I only expected that his watch would pitch him overboard some dark night. But what was he hanged for?"

"For murdering me?" exclaimed Bill in astonishment; and I had to repeat the assertion, with an account of the whole affair, to convince him of its truth. "And now," said I, how is it that I see you alive?"

We walked out upon the bastion, and took a seat upon the banquette, when Bill began his story, which it would be tiresome to tell in his words. The amount of it was, that he had often threatened Mr. Clark that he would jump overboard, and that he had nearly made up his mind several times to do so; that he came on deck that night, feeling sore from a recent flogging, and somewhat excited by drink, which he and Jack had bribed the old cook to steal from the cabin; that for some time Mr. Clark had the helm, and that after asking for his knife and returning it again, Mr. Clark ordered him to take the wheel—to which he, Bill, replied, that it was not his turn yet, and that he, the mate, might lash it or leave it. Upon this the row commenced. Mr. Clark jumped at him, struck him a blow in the face, and knocked him down; and that in falling, his knife fell out of the sheath and getting under him, inflicted a wound in his side; and that as soon as he could get upon his feet, maddened by rage, pain, and drink, and reckless of life, but anxious to spite Mr. Clark, he had jumped upon the bulwark, resolved to throw himself into the sea; that Mr. Clark seized him, and endeavored to drag him on board; and that it was Mr. Clark's voice that cried for help. With a sudden effort, Bill tore from the Mate's grasp and sunk into the water. In falling, he struck his head in the main chains, and for a time was insensible. Upon coming to himself, the love of life returned, and induced him to exert his powers as a swimmer to sustain himself upon the surface. He kept up until just at daylight when his strength being quite spent, he saw a large ship bearing down upon him. She came so close as to hear his feeble hail, and lowering a boat, picked him up and took him on board, where rest and nursing soon restored him to strength. The wound in his side was slight and healed up completely before the ship reached Liverpool. Since that time Bill has been knocked about the world from various ports, until at last his luck had brought him to Gibraltar; and there he stood before me, a living proof of the fallibility of human testimony, and the danger of relying upon circumstantial evidence.

"I don't want to see any more hanging matches," said the captain, after a pause, drawing a piece of cavendish from his pocket and politely tendering it to his auditors; "I don't want to see any more great moral lessons preached from the gallows or the yardarm;" and twisting off a piece of the dainty weed, the captain marched off, with the conscious air that always marks your habitual *raconteur*, when he thinks he has told a story in point.

BEAUTIES OF LAW.—I have been told by unquestionable authority, that in Virginia, a poor man who served as a substitute in the United States army, for a rich man, who, on the poor man being discharged, refused to pay the sum agreed upon between them.—The poor man sued. The rich man by fraud, and his lawyer, and by the favor which he and his lawyer had with the judges, obliged this poor man to dance attendance upon the court with his evidence, from a distance of 20 miles, at almost every term of the court for twenty years; while the cost had eat up three or four times his wages, and kept him although industrious, continually poor. A certain clergyman seeing this poor man constantly attending the session of the court, inquired the cause; and upon learning the state of the case, went directly to the judges and threatened to expose the whole proceedings to the public, if something was not done.—The court being then in session, the case was brought to an immediate conclusion; and it was found on going to trial, that the defendant had no defence to make.

The various methods which lawyers make use of to procrastinate suits are too well known to require comment. The name of the clergyman can be given if required.

INDEX OF SMALL SOULS.—Within a few weeks past, quite a number of our papers have been returned by the Postmasters, accompanied by the remark that the subscriber has "removed from town," "does not take it from the office," &c. &c. This is a most contemptibly mean way of discontinuing a paper, for the names of such patrons (!) are invariably to be found on the debtor side of the account. If a person cannot pay a newspaper bill, and wishes to stop his paper, let him act like a man, and state the facts to the publisher, and not skulk off like a fellow that has been robbing a church contribution box, or stealing pennies from the eyes of a dead man. When papers are returned in the manner alluded to, we generally write opposite the subscriber's name ☞ "paid by besin a rascal."—*Moonsocket Patriot.*

To Young Men.

In our country every one not only sees but feels the necessity of having our people well informed. They are the rulers of our land—its sovereigns—and it is for them to determine whether the star of our destiny shall sink into gloom, or whether it shall continue to glisten and grow brighter and brighter until Old father Time shall pause in his career and it shall be proclaimed by Omnipotence, in the ears of a terror-stricken world, that, Time exists no longer.

Young men of America, it is for you to say whether this shall be the case or not? You are to decide the destiny of this great and growing country. Every one of you has a voice in the Councils. The high and low, rich and poor, are placed on an equality.

There are no exclusive privileges enjoyed by a favored few, neither is there any office however high and exalted, which you may not aspire to. The poor and penniless orphan—if upright, virtuous and honest—by a cultivation of those gifts which the God of Nature has endowed him with, may not only aspire to, but fill the place of a Washington, a Jefferson or a Madison. The history of the world is full of noble instances of men who have arisen from obscurity, despite the obstacles that surrounded them. Look at our own country. Those whose names shine brightest and seemingly challenge our admiration, are self-made men. Men who labored for the eminence which they enjoyed—they were the architects of their own fortune—their greatness was the work of their own hands.

It is true that every man cannot be a Washington, a Franklin or a Jefferson, but every one can at least emulate their virtues—if not to aspire to the pre-eminence which they attained. You can at all events make the effort to become wise and good—useful in your day and generation—and if the distinction should not be yours, the Ship or State—the Car of our nation's destiny—would be shaped in her course, in a degree at least, by the wholesome and beneficial influences which you exerted over the great mass of our citizens. If one could have the proud satisfaction of knowing that through his instrumentality evils had been avoided—blighting and pernicious measures defeated—it would require him for an age of toil and anxiety.

Young men, educate yourself—seize upon the present golden moments. The boon of liberty is dear at all price—it not only costs millions of treasure, but oceans of blood. Is it then not worth preserving? Is it not worthy of your greatest care—your every effort? It is. To think or speak otherwise would be an insult. It would be underrating that spirit of universal liberty which burns in the bosom of every freeman. Cherish the spirit and the lamp of liberty will continue to burn as brightly as it did in 1776, and we may have the satisfaction of at least bequeathing to those who come after you that priceless boon, as bright and undiminished as when received from the hands of our father.—[Delaware Republican.

Louisiana Sugar.

We meet with the following statistics of sugar in the New York Herald, from what source derived we know not, but evidently from one favorable to the tariff:

"The crops of 1844 and 5 ran up to 204,814 hds. of 1000 pounds each. At this day the consumption of the whole United States is about three hundred and fifty million of pounds; therefore there can be no doubt if peace continues, that in a very short time Louisiana, Texas and Florida will produce sufficient for home consumption, and a surplus left. But at present Louisiana has the deepest interest at stake in this article, and will make a very great effort to protect it. The cane is now cultivated in nine ten parishes, and the others are preparing to make sugar. These employ 50,670 colored helps; they have 486 steam engines, and 354 are worked by horses, in pressing mills; and about sixty millions of dollars are invested in cultivation of this valuable article. The estimate however does not stop here. Notwithstanding the high price and great importance of Louisiana cotton, it appears that in that state 410 cotton planters are preparing to go into the sugar business."

According to this, we import about 150,000,000 pounds of sugar, on which we pay a duty of $3,750,000; but by means of this duty the price of sugar is doubtless enhanced to the amount of five fifths of the duty; that is, we pay a tax of $7,000,000 for sugar, $3,750,000 to the government, and $3,250 to the planters. But it very possibly may cost them one cent a pound more to raise their sugar than it does the planters of Cuba, so that they have really only $2,000,000 to be distributed among them as bounty or protection to encourage them to raise sugar. When we consider the small number of sugar planters in the country, probably not one thousand, the distribution of $2,000,000 among them, or more than $2,000 apiece per annum, is a considerable gratuity. We think if a thousand sheep farmers were to have that amount a year, they might well enough favor the tariff that gave it. But the sheep farmers must not that gave it. But the sheep farmers must not have the home market to themselves, for that would give foreign manufacturers an advantage. These sugar planters employ "50,670 colored help." O, Doughface! How much greater wages do they pay this "help" with a tariff than without?—*Chronotype.*

EVERYBODY'S CORNER.

Hallowell, Me., Sept., 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND! I believe I had a message from the interior world for you one Sunday during the infancy of this season's vegetation. I think I never felt with so much intensity the fullness of beauty which is in all things in outward nature, as I did in the earlier part of this season, from the time the trees began to put forth their foliage. The little, soft, feathey leaves, the faint odor from the blossoms of the fruit trees; the blossoms themselves, and even the smallest wild flower awakened deep and tender emotions. I never felt more keenly the harshness and discord of all the works of man. The very finest and the most delicate of the works of human hands seemed gross in comparison with even the coarsest of God's weeds. I believe I should then have relished the singing of a free bird better than the greatest music ever composed or executed by human genius. It seemed so perfect, because so true and natural. The tiniest wild flower you can think of found its way to my heart, more readily than the most magnificent of cultivated flowers. Yet all were dear. The young grass never before looked so beautiful to me. I loved it—every green thread of it—and wanted to put my face down among it and kiss it. I love the infancy of all things.

As I write, a crowd of thoughts come pressing upon my mind, which, were you present, I might easy to speak, but they are so various, so complicated, and yet so irregular and disjointed, that it would be vain to attempt to write them even if I had sufficient room for them.

My feelings in respect to the Mexican war, and the infatuation of the people, their blind subservience to unprincipled leaders, the extreme agony endured by some of the world, and the less excruciating but more constant and wearing wretchedness which is the portion of a larger number, the multiplied aspirations of the soul; then the faint hope for the world's redemption, (so like that of a drowning person grasping a straw) with which I turn my thoughts to association. These are some of the topics of thought that are passing through my mind.

Do you keep the resolution to refrain from eating flesh? I fear that you do not; for I saw in No. 3 of the "Voice," an editorial article, inviting people to contribute, among other articles, for an entertainment, "pigs, peas, and poultry," or something similar. It saddened me, though to you it may seem a trifling thing, and be inclined to make yourself merry on the subject as you usedto. But if you would "put your ear against the earth" and listen to the wail that goes constantly up from the poor, helpless victims of man's selfishness and cruelty, and which is sounding in my ears almost continually, it would seem serious to you. If you had not strength sufficient to resist the cravings of a depraved appetite, you might at least have refrained from catering to similar appetites in other people, and from making sport of what is death to other beings.

I think you do not approve in your inmost soul, of taking life. You would not make a jest of the Palo Alto carriage. Why, then, should you of the equally horrid carriage to be witnessed in every town in New England in the *slaughter-houses.* (The word looks so horrid to me now I have written it, that I cannot bear to have it on paper without some marks of abhorrence.

I have frequently thought of those poor rats whom you so treacherously murdered—enticing them to their destruction by pleasant food. But then, "they are very troublesome and ought to be killed." "So," says another, "are those wicked Mexicans, and they ought to be chastised—they are barbarians and they won't pay their debts—and they have gold of their own that they won't let us have, and some of them are highway robbers, too, and have killed and robbed some of the people of these States."

I have just received a letter from a dear friend. It is one of the most beautiful that ever was written and emanates from one of the loveliest spirits that ever was clothed in mortal form. It contains a passage so in unison with what I have been saying that I will transcribe it.

She says: "I see by thy letter that thou hast the same yearning to preach the gospel of *universal love* that has so many times filled my own heart with bitter pain and my whole being with unrest. I have spoken in the midst of ridicule and contempt, for the dumb," as thou hast, and wept that men could not feel, as I did, the bond of brotherhood that links all the creatures of God together."

Brother, wilt not thou, too, learn to love every thing that lives and can suffer or enjoy? Become acquainted with them; look into their eyes and see how much expression they contain; notice their motion (their manners I might say,) for if you do observe it close, it will express to you more plainly than human language can, their every feeling.

Since writing the above, I have had a conversation with an individual, that made me realize more vividly than I did before, the enormities practiced in carrying sheep and calves from here to Mass., and massacreing them; the previous bleeding, the starvation, their awful suffering from heat and thirst, their beatings and bruisings, and finally, their horrid deaths, although I have thought and talked much on the subject before.

Cruelty to Brutes.

INSCRIBED TO AN EDITOR.

Thou art silent, while around thee
Man's poor victims bleeding lie;
Can it be that fear hath bound thee,
Bidding thee hear not their cry!

Or art thou indeed unfeeling!
Is thy heart of iron made!
Is no pity through it stealing
When their sufferings are displayed!

Visit thou the house of slaughter—
See the soft ones there confined,
Off for days they have no water,
Neither food of any kind.

But, of the tragedies enacted
There, I'll leave the *foul* scene;
If thy thoughts are there attracted,
Thou canst fancy it, I ween.

Those who love each living being
That can suffer or enjoy,
And would from those cares be fleeing,
Which the worldly mind employ,

E'en in Nature's loveliest places
Where they turn their weary feet,
Find of cruelty the traces—
Murdered birds and squirrels meet—

Nests of little ones to perish
Left—their once fond parents killed—
None their tender lives to cherish,
They are dying—starved and chilled.

From those painful sights retreating,
Should they seek the water-side,
Hoping there the heart's sad beating
Calm will grow as is that tide,

There they meet the fisher casting
Treacherously the baited hook;
Cruelly all nature blasting,
Drives them from that beautiful brook.

Wish deep earnestness I've pleaded
For the comfort that thou wouldst speak;
But my pleas are all unheeded,
Thou regardest them as weak.

All my warm appeals thou spurnest
With a cold, indifferent gance;
Answering, as my heart is burned
"Is not this extravagance!"

Thou hast power, but wilt not use it
To affect the public heart?
Then hast guilt—I'll not excuse it,
Though to me a friend thou art.

ADELAIDE ESTELLE.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

N. W. BROWN, D. H. JAQUES, CALEB SMITH.

LOCAL AGENTS.

MASSACHUSETTS, *Boston*, D W Parkman, Jas Campbell, A J Wright, J G Kimballs, *South Boston*, S H Alley, *Roxbury*, S & C Shepley, *Lynn*, H J Chenoweth, *E. Bridgewater*, L S Packard, *Chelsea*, (*Neville's Ferry*) *Vallery*, A Moses, Edwards, *N Chelmsford*, J B Pierce, *South Andover*, Wm Irish, *Webster*, *New Bedford*, C C Foster, *Newburyport*, Thos. Bragg, *Northbridge*, H O Bean, *Milford*, Hiram Hunt, *Charlestown*, *Lowell*, Sewhen Wootton, *Lawrence*, S A Smith, *Andover*, *Fitz Villeroy*, David Middleton, *Hollisdale*, A S Clark, *W. Bridgfield*, S Stoddard, *Palmer*, *Three Rivers*, N A Crane, *Millbury*, Henry Estes, *Dedham*, S A Fay, *Springfield*, G F Tagnatt, *W. Springfield*, S H Lincoln, *Cabotville*, E P Brown, Stephen Taylor, *Uxbridge*, Hiram South, *Westboro*, Wm W Pratt, *North Bridge*, H O Bean, *Fall River*, Ruby Hatch, David Pierce.

NEW BEDFORD, 31 Russell St Wm M Allen, *Blackstone*, O W Gates, *Hopkinton*, Abel H Reed, *West Medway*, G H Wales, *Worcester*, S Thompson, Jr. P Robinson, *Quincy*, T C Horn, *Middleborough*, T Leonard, *Taunton*, Elisha Smith, *Easton*, George Torrey, *North Easton*, W S Anderson's, *Lynn*, B P Richardson.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE, *Dover*, Daniel L Norris, *Manchester*, C A Brown, W Eastman, *Nashua*, R B Hill, Martin M Bidwell, *Lebanon*, H T Young, *Claremont*, Edwards Buffil, *Meredith Bridge*, H F Palmer, *Epping*, G F Lane.

RHODE ISLAND, *Providence*, J S & H Reese, Periodical Ag'ts, Auxiliary Paper, Agt. Sixth office, *Pawtucket*, David N Taylor, *Slatersville*, R A Aldrich, *Woonsocket*, L E Thayer, Melissa Roves.

CONNECTICUT, *Hartford*, Edwin Walden.

Evening School.

D. H. JAQUES, would inform his friends and the public generally, that he will commence the FALL TERM of his Evening School at

ANTI-SLAVERY HALL,

No. 30, Central street—nearly opposite the Post Office, on Wednesday evening, September 2, 1846. Instruction gives in arithmetic, bookkeeping, writing and drawing. Geography, Grammer will be taught on a new plan in connection with Composition and letter writing.

Mr. J. takes pleasure in announcing that he has secured the services of

MR. J. M. McCOY,

well known as one of the best teachers in PENMANSHIP in the country, as assistant in the Writing Department.

TERMS—$1,00 for fifteen lessons—or $2,00 for three months.

☞ *Payment in advance.*

N. B. A class in French will be formed if a sufficient number of pupils can be obtained.

Lowell, Aug. 27, 1846. 9tf

E. B. LEWIS,

HAIR-DRESSER AND PERFUMER,

REAR OF STAGE OFFICE,

No. 9 Central st. Lowell.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

VOICE OF INDUSTRY,

THE PEOPLE'S PAPER,

ORGAN OF THE NEW ENGLAND WORKINGMEN'S ASSOCIATION:

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, AT NO. 76, CENTRAL STREET, LOWELL, MASS.,

Devoted to the abolition of Mental, Moral and Physical Servitude, in all their complicated forms and the interests of the INDUSTRIAL CLASSES.

The Voice will contain a Female Department, under the immediate supervision of the LOWELL FEMALE LABOR REFORM ASSOCIATION, and be supported by contributions from the Operatives of this city and other manufacturing towns. Let no Workingman or Woman, or friend of those who "toil and spin" and produce all the wealth of the nation, fail of becoming subscribers.

☞ PRICE—$1,00 *For Year in Advance.*

TO LET.

Possession given immediately.

A SHOP 23 by 60 feet, with machinery and fixtures complete for the manufacture of Doors, Window-sash and blinds, and driven by a new Steam Engine of 10 horse power. This establishment situated within 8 miles of Boston, in the centre of a rapidly improving country, commands an extensive and safe business. The proprietors would if it is preferred, enter into partnership arrangements, with a person possessing the capital, and skill necessary to carry on the works.

For further particulars apply to B. A. Hastings, No. 581, Washington st., Boston, Mass., or at this office.

Boston, Aug. 21, 1846.

DR. JAMES S. OLCOTT

BOTANIC PHYSICIAN. Office, 3d story Wentworth's building, near the Railroad Depot.

TO THE PUBLIC. I would cordially pass I leave my practice in Lowell, recommend Dr. JAMES S. OLCOTT to my patients, patrons, and friends, and to the Thomsonian public generally, as an able physician, and as one upon whose character, both as a gentleman and scholar, they may implicitly rely. He was regarded by the New York Medical Botanic Society, and by Dr. Samuel Thomson, as highly efficient in extending both his theory and practice. I have consulted with him frequently in difficult cases, and have ever coincided with him in his judgment and advice. I hope they will give him their patronage. AARON P. HOLT,

Thomsonian Botanic Physician

Lowell, June 19th, 1846. 2tf

WM. D. VINALL, SURGEON DENTIST,

Office, 21 Central Street,

where he continues to perform all operations on the TEETH, for their beauty and preservation. Particular attention paid to cleansing and filling carious teeth with gold or any approved substance now in use, thereby arresting the progress of decay, and rendering them useful for many years.

MISERABLE TEETH inserted on gold plate or pivot, from a single tooth to a whole set. These are inserted as circumstances may require.

Another very important branch of Dental Science, consists in supplying upper sets of teeth on the principle of atmospheric pressure without springs.

☞ Teeth cleansed, extracted &c. Terms moderate. All operations warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

N. B. He would further say, that the most aggravating pain occasioned by decayed teeth, can in most cases be readily removed and the tooth saved. Lowell, n.6tf. C

To the Public.

WE, the undersigned, citizens of Lowell, have thoroughly tested Dr. H. H. DOANE'S Dental operations in every department of his profession. We have inserted artificial parts and full sets of his Plate Teeth: we have always found his work well executed, and charges very reasonable. This we think is sufficient evidence that confidence can be placed in him as a Dentist.

Horace Parmenter, Thos. B. Ford,
George W. Patterson, Andrew W. Doe,
Thos. H. Hastings, William H. Stevens,
Theophilus S. Sands, George J. Adams,
Darius G. Merriam, J. T. G. Leach, M. D.,
Isaac Deming, T. L. Ramkett.
Ivers Taylor,

Office, open day and evenings, Sundays excepted. No. 118 Merrimack street, Lowell.

ABRAM FRENCH,

DEALER IN

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, READY MADE CLOTHING, TAILORS TRIMMINGS, and

Gentlemen's Furnishing Articles.

At the Tailoring Establishment connection with the above, garments will be made to order, in the most fashionable style and best workmanship.

Bank Building, 78 Central street, Lowell.

BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

(No. 66 Merrimack street, Lowell.)

THOMAS FOOTMAN

MANUFACTURER and Dealer in Boots and Shoes, keeps constantly on hand, a large assortment of Gentlemen's and Ladies' Boots and Shoes. 48tf

MERRIAM & HEYWOOD,

PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS.

DEALERS IN

Paper-Hangings, Borders, Blank-Books, &c.

Blank-Books made to order, and paper ruled to any pattern. *BOOK-BINDING* done with neatness and dispatch. No. 23 Central street, Lowell.

JOSHUA MERRIAM,
C. H. HEYWOOD.

47tf

LADIES THIS WAY.

L. C. DARLIN & Co., would respectfully announce to the Citizens of Lowell and vicinity, that they have taken the Store,

No. 7, MERRIMACK STREET,

for the manufacture of Ladies' and Misses', and Children's BOOTS & SHOES.

Now Ladies reform your Shoe bills, for we intend to manufacturing nothing but the best, and sell as cheap as the cheapest; and all who have tried it, are moving as the goodness of them convinced, we will take it as a favor, to have them return to us, and we will make them good by exchange or otherwise.

Lowell, April 17, 1846. n4tf

DR. JOHNSON,

HYDROPATHIST.

OFFICE IN WENTWORTH'S BUILDING,

(First building East of Depot.)

GRATEFUL for the very liberal patronage bestowed upon him by the citizens of Lowell and vicinity, during the past year, would express his thanks and respectfully render the continuance of his services in every department of DENTISTRY. Decayed Teeth filled with Pure Gold in the best manner, and a generation of the Teeth thus filled to their former usefulness WARRANTED.

MINERAL TEETH, from one to an entire set, inserted in a scientific manner, and in the most adaptation to the mouth so perfect as to warrant satisfaction; for proof of which he will refer to his work now worn in this city. Teeth cleaned and extracted with care.

N. B. The public will bear in mind that while his prices are from 25 to 50 per cent LESS than were formerly exacted, that his work is warranted equal to any performed in Lowell or elsewhere. Persons visiting this city, in need of work, will find it their advantage to call at this office. Office hours from 8 A M to 9 P M. 50tf

FOSTER'S

MOUNTAIN COMPOUND,

FOR THE HAIR.

THE MOUNTAIN COMPOUND is a concentration of Tonics for the removal of diseases of the Skin. Its effects are powerful, and action quick and obvious in removing dandruff, and softening the hair when it is applied to the capillaries source of the hair. The proprietor can refer to many prominent individuals in this city, whose hair has been brought out thick, where it was falling out and very thin from a circuited and weakened state of the skin.

The Mountain Compound is highly adopted to ladies' and toilet dressing, and the inventor has sold hundreds of bottles for that purpose. The universal favor it meets with wherever it has been tried warrants it be the best article ever offered to the public. It gives the hair a richness of lustre and luxuriancy of color unprecedented, and renders the most dry and turbulent hair soft and moist several days or week from one application. Unlike many articles for the hair, it is not glutinous and sticky to leave the hair matted and stiff as if a solution of sugar and water was put on, but on the contrary, the hair will be found soft, pliant, and flowing, from using the Mountain Compound, and it may be curled and dressed in any form and appear perfectly natural.

None genuine hereafter (other signed on the wrapper by H. W. FOSTER, in his own hand writing; also these words are lawfully inscribed, securing copyright, and printed on the back of the wrapper near the fold—Entered according to act of Congress, in the year eighteen hundred and forty-six, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

Manufactured and sold by H. W. FOSTER 65 Central Street, Lowell. Sold by Otis A. Allen, 68 Merrimac street, Carlton & Co., City Hall, I. Sawyer, and at his Hair Dressing Saloon, opposite the American House; Central street, Lowell. Also by A S Russell, druggist, P O Ames, Nashua. A G Tucker, druggist, Manchester N. H 47tf